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ASTONISHING

HISTORY

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

Mifs BETSEY WARWICK

The Female Rambler.

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THE
FEMALE RAMBLER, &c.

THE greatest power which rules over the human affections is certainly love, in all ages, and in all nations he has ruled with arbitrary sway over his still kneeling subjects, the most potent monarchs of the world have wore his chains, and though tyrants themselves have been obliged to submit to his mandate; Herod who was cruel to the last degree, felt all the charms of Mariamne; Mark Anthony who could conquer worlds, was himself conquered by Cleopatra; in short, from the high to the low this universal power pervades.

To prove his absolute monarchy, the following history, which is founded on facts will contribute in no small degree.

Mr. Warwick was a gentleman of an ample fortune in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, and resided for a number of years at Scarborough; he was happy in a most agreeable wife, whose placid temper joined to a fine form made him one of the most happy men on earth.

Mrs. Warwick had given to his wishes one child a daughter, who from her early infancy promised to possess the father's understanding, joined to her mother's beauty, and as she grew up her wit and sprightliness gave them the utmost pleasure; she had every instruction given her which was thought suitable to one who was born to a splendid fortune; and she was so happy in an improving capacity, that she received every thing with a facility, French, Dancing, Music, and every other polite accomplishment she quickly attained, and was admired by all who came to visit, or were visited by her.

Never were any more pleased or satisfied than Mr and Mrs Warwick with their little Betsey, but alas! human felicity is but of short duration the fluctuation in life are like an April day, and the sun which shines in one hour, is hid in clouds the next.

Mr Warwick found his health decline apace, the salubrious air of Scarborough could not assist him, so that he was advised by his physicians to go to the south of France to try what the change of climates might effect. Mrs Warwick would have attended him, but he would not endanger her and his darling Betsey on the capricious and ever dangerous ocean, and absolutely insisted on their staying behind.

Accordingly he set out for Montpellier with a small retinue, and a gentleman of the faculty with him. They had a successful voyage, and soon arrived at that admired spot, which is said to be the purest air in the world; but alas! no change of climate or air could do him any good, and



and in less than three months Mrs. Warwick received the melancholy news of his death; his body was by his own desire brought home for interment in the vault belonging to the family.

At this period of time Miss Betsey was no more than thirteen, yet she had sense enough at so tender an age to lament the loss of so good and so worthy a parent, she joined with her mama in tears for some time, and Mrs. Warwick, as is customary with young widows, made vows never to have another husband; how she preserved these vows will be seen in the course of this history.

She retired for some time farther off from Scarborough, where she and her daughter might mourn without interruption, being in the first week most heartily tired with the many impertinent visits which had been paid her; as in the polite world there is an art of ingeniously tormenting, by being over and above complaisant, and by continual repetition keep that in the memory which it would be best to forget.

Mrs. Warwick and her daughter having absented themselves for upward of a twelve-month to wear off the heaviness they had contracted, repaired once more to Scarborough, and determined to enjoy the benefits of that polite place; no sooner was it known that she was returned, than compliments and visits were made by the principal people of fashion and fortune in the place.

Miss Betsey was now grown very much, she had a most delicate shape and hair, a set of fine features, though not quite so feminine as many

of her sex, which however was of singular service to her in her rambles through life, as will be explained by and by; her conversation was agreeable, her manners open yet modest, and her understanding much above her years.

Her mother was a rich young widow, and she had an immense fortune; no wonder then that they were pestered with all sorts of company, some who had an eye to their Charms, but more who had to their riches; young spendthrifts made their approaches, in hopes to repair their shattered circumstances, but prudence still kept all such at a proper distance, yet the envy of, or malevolence of those who delight in scandal would have put bad constructions on the most innocent behaviour.

Among the croud who paid their complimentary visits to Mrs Warwick, or to watch the growing charms of Miss Betsey was Colonel Blandford and Lord Richmore; who though they paid their respects to the mother their ultimate hopes was on the daughter; these two rivals were of quite different Characters. the Colonel was a man naturally sedate, and though he had reason to conclude that he was the favorite of Miss Betsey, yet he was prudent enough not to boast of it.

Lord Richmore on the contrary made it his particular glory to insinuate that he was a lover of so fine a young lady.

Miss gave her company indiscriminately, to each she went to balls, plays, music meetings, and other amusements with each. Lord Richmore made her presents of an immense value, which by the advice of his mother she accepted,

who was secretly his friend, and wished for nothing more than an alliance with so noble a family. The Colonel however persuaded, that though Miss behaved with respect to Lord Richmond, yet her eyes declared in his favour; therefore he had little to fear from such a rival; my lord looked upon her civilities as proofs of real affection, and made the Colonel the repository of all his secrets, as he seemed to have a great friendship, for the Colonel by this means knew all his intentions, but artfully kept his own thoughts to himself, and made use of my Lord's openness to forward his own suit; this was a dissimulation not perfectly consistent with honour; but in affairs of love, trifles are disregarded, in short the heart of Miss Betsey was totally and unalterably the Colonel's. Among other visitors was one Squire Meadows a gentleman of good fortune in the country, of whom we shall have farther occasion to speak.

How weak are our resolves when all powerful love takes possession of our souls. Mrs. Warwick notwithstanding the declaration he had made never to enter into the holy state of matrimony again, could not help being pleased with the addresses of a new lover.

Squire Meadows thinking it high time for her to cast off sorrow, began to make strong love to her, and this charming widow reflecting on the pleasures of a married life, soon gave her consent to make him happy, and be so herself.

But the Squire had other views besides love, he knew Miss Betsey's fortune was in her mother's hands, and he wanted to convert it into

his

his own property; being pretty confident the widow had regard enough for him to enter into his measures, he proposed to her to put her daughter into a convent in France, that she might then have more liberty to do as she pleased, and have nothing to disturb her tranquility.

Mrs Warwick agreed to this mercenary proposal, and as she thought Miss Betsey would not willingly chuse a monastic life, intended to get her there by a stratagem. Accordingly she told her she was determined to take a trip to Paris, and that she should stay there a short time to complete her education.

Miss Betsey heard this news with pleasure, as she had a great inclination to see France: and though she did not expect much improvement from going there, as she was at present as accomplished a young lady as could be, yet she was desirous of seeing foreign courts and customs besides she knew the Nuns in the Convents abroad made very curious pieces of work, and had a fancy to go and see them when she was there, not imagining the plot which was laid to confine her there for life.

Though Mrs. Warwick was acquainted with Lord Richmore's love for her daughter, and had approved of it, yet she did not want to apprize him of their intentions of going, fearing out of politeness he would offer to make a little tour with them, and that would have been an obstacle to her designs, so she prepared every thing with great expedition to set out, but Colonel Blandford happened to come the very day they were going to set off for Dover.

Mrs

Mrs. Warwick being very busy in her chamber, Betsey took the opportunity to go into the garden with him, and seated themselves in an arbour; here after many tender speeches on both sides, they renewed their vows of eternal fidelity, and she told him she would persuade her mother to make as short a stay in France as possible, as no pleasure she could enjoy there would make her wish to be long separated from him.

They did not stay long together, as Betsey was fearful her mother would surprize them in close conference, and she knew nothing of the passion they had for each other; however, the Colonel waited in the parlour till the widow came down, as he thought she would hear he had been there and to prevent suspicion.

After passing a few compliments and taking his leave, he handed her and her Mother into the carriage, when they set off for Dover, and took shipping for France, where they arrived safe in Paris, they remained there a few days; she then took her to the Convent under a pretence of shewing her it, as she was conversing with the Nuns and the Abbess, some of them invited her to stay a little while. The friendship they professed for her, and the civilities she received from the old lady made it impossible for her to deny them: accordingly she agreed to stay a week, and her mother promised to come and fetch her then.

Mrs. Warwick had no sooner placed her daughter (in this artful manner) in the Convent, but she returned back to Scarborough, and informed the Squire of what she had done; he was highly satisfied with her proceedings, and in about a fortnight after they were married. B

Miss Betsey was much surprized that she did not see her mother, or hear from her in a whole month that she had been there instead of a week; she began to be uneasy, and sometimes thought she had left her there with a design to make her finish her days in the Cloyster.

During this time the old lady had taken many opportunities to talk to her, concerning the happiness and tranquillity of a life devoted to heaven, and of the snares and temptations of this sinful world; but all this had no effect on Betsey, she was too fond of the pleasures of it to give it up; besides, her dear Colonel Blandford was continually in her thoughts, and the short time she had been absent from him was an age to her.

She now received a letter from her mother, which was in these words,

Dear Daughter,

I Hope your situation is agreeable to you, and that you have by this time reflected on the vanities of the world, and are willing to devote yourself to heaven. The good lady I suppose has informed you, I left you there for that purpose; you know I have always behaved kind and tender to you, and will assure you now, you shall want for nothing to make your Cloyster a happy retirement, where you will live in peace and serenity, undisturbed by the cares of life, the example of the religious young ladies, your companions will inspire your heart with zeal, and you will

will rejoice at your destiny. I desire you will write to me sometimes, and believe me not only a good mother, but your best friend.

When Miss Betsey had read this letter, though she began to suspect as much, yet she was very near fainting at having her fears confirmed.

She told the Abbess, she found her mother was going to sacrifice her to her own interest, but hoped providence would prevent her designs and protect her innocence from falling a prey to criminal views. As I am confined here continued she, I am willing to stay till by some means or other I may regain my liberty.

Some of the Nuns whom she had commenced a friendship with, came to comfort her, and endeavoured to divert her melancholy. She bore up under her misfortunes as well as she could, but a day or two after was seized with a fever, which continued several months.

As soon as Mrs. Warwick was married to Squire Meadows, she removed from the house she had lived in, so that neither Lord Richmore or Colonel Blandford knew where to find her, or to see Miss Betsey, who they thought was certainly returned from France by this time, for the Colonel had told his lordship she was gone.

But one day Col. Blandford being at church saw Squire Meadows and his lady there, he was much surprized at seeing she had left off her widow weeds, and was drest in rich brocade. He enquired of one of the servants (for their coach was waiting) the reason of it, and was told his mistress was lately married; he then made some enquiry concerning Miss Betsey, and was inform-

ed she was left in a Convent in France, much against her inclination, and he likewise told him particularly where it was.

The Colonel was greatly agitated at hearing this, and went immediately and acquainted Lord Richmond with it; his lordship was highly enraged, and swore they wanted to make a property of her, but he would take care to prevent them.

The Colonel returned home very pensive, and determined in his mind to see her, and convince her of his fidelity. Without telling his resolution to any one he set off for France, and arrived there without loss of time. He asked for her of the Abbess, and pretended he came from her mother; the old lady called her, and she appeared in a languishing condition.

Betsy who had thought she should never behold her lover again, was overjoyed at the sight of the Colonel, but restrained herself, and disguising her real sentiments, pretended she was perfectly resigned to her mother's desire; he replied, he was glad to hear that her mother did it purely out of regard to her future welfare. He then ran on a good deal about the vices and follies of the world, which pleased the lady Abbess so much, that she left them at liberty to discourse together, believing what he said would soon make her consent to take the veil.

As soon as they was alone, Betsy burst into tears, she told him of her mother's wicked designs, and declared a monastic life was her aversion; the Colonel replied in a melting tone, do you love me still Betsy, has not this cruel absence

fence weakened your regard, or do you still continue mine by the binding vows of eternal constancy, which has pass between us. Betsey told him, he might be assured of her love, and that notwithstanding all they might make her suffer, nothing should alter that, or break the tie between them.

The Colonel then declared he would venture his life to rescue her from her confinement, and let what would be the consequence he would steal her away.

Betsey desired him to attempt nothing rashly in the affair, but to wait a little longer, that perhaps her mother might relent, and they might be happy at last without underraking any thing that might bring him into danger.

Though the Colonel was very desirous of gaining her liberty, he consented to wait some time longer, and taking a tender leave of her promising to see her again in a few months time.

On the Colonel's return to Scarborough again he went to Lord Richmore's, who was very glad to see him, but did not know where he had been; he began to talk about Miss Betsey, and said he would make her unnatural mother give her up, and would have her called to an account for her conduct at the hazard of his life; he farther said, he would set out for France in a few days, and if he chose it he might accompany him, and he would be at the expence of the journey.

The Colonel declined the offer, and said, he supposed as her mother had shut her up from the society of men, she had taken care to instruct the

the Abbess not to let any speak to her, consequently his journey would be to no purpose.

This provoked his lordship the more, but as he was determined to see her at all events, he said he would dress himself in the same livery her mother's servants wore, and he should be thought to bring a message from her.

In short, he put his design into execution, set out, got to France, put on his disguise and was admitted into the parlour.

Some how or other, Mrs Meadows had been informed of the Colonel's visiting her daughter, and had written to the Abbess, to desire her not to admit any gentleman to speak to Betsey; but his lordship appearing as one of her servants, he was permitted not only to see her, but to stay a good while with her.

Betsey knew him immediately in his disguise, and received him with great joy, as most people when under confinement are glad to see their friends; besides, she did not know but what he might be the means of her deliverance without involving her dear Colonel in difficulties.

This behaviour of Betsey, was construed by Lord Richmore into the love she had for him, which pleased him so much that he swore he would carry her off instantly. Betsey was alarmed at this, and begged him not to be precipitate in a thing of such moment, for instead of serving her, it would only serve to spoil the plot of getting her away at all. She brought him at last to wait with patience till he found there was no hopes from her mother.

Their conversation was broke off by the Abbess,

best, who came to ask him some questions about Mrs. Meadows, and he was sufficiently acquainted with that Lady's family to give satisfactory answers and presently after took his leave.

On his Lordship's return to England, being impatient to let the Colonel know he had seen Miss Betsey; he enquired for him at his lodgings, and was informed he had received orders to repair to his regiment.

Lord Richmore being very young, had never made a campaign, but had only a post at court he obtained a commission, and this new advancement put the thoughts of Miss Betsey out of his head for some time; he soon joined the Colonel and told him all that had passed between him and her, and said he was resolved to carry her off at the end of the campaign.

When he came in for winter quarters, his passion for Betsey revived as strong as ever, and the Colonel fearing his love might prove detrimental to his own, and that he would soon have a furlow when he knew he would make use of it to see Betsey, picked a quarrel with him at cards, and challenged him to fight, but the magistrates hearing of it had them both arrested for two months; when they were set at liberty Lord Richmore made use of his furlow, but the Colonel had none, and though he had a longing desire to see Betsey, as it was above a year since he did, had the mortification to see his rival set out on his journey to her; however, he stifled his uneasiness, his Lordship to make his compliments to her.

Betsey had received a Nun's habit, her year or probation was expired, and her time approached for

for her to take the veil; and what was worse she did not hear from her Colonel.

Lord Richmore by the help of the livery suit had access to her again, and when they had talked a little she enquired how his friend the Colonel did; when he very ungenerously said he left him very bad under the surgeons, for a distemper which he did not care to mention, that he had somehow acquired.

After making her a long visit he took his leave, promising soon to carry her off, even if she had professed herself a Nun.

He soon returned back to his quarters, and enquiring for the Colonel, heard he was gone to Paris, but as he did not think him so formidable a rival, he waited patiently till he should see him.

As the Colonel appeared once at the grate in his own form, he thought he should be known, so that when he had got to the place where Betsey was, he would not attempt to see her till he had borrowed a Friars dress, which gave him free liberty to speak to any of the Nuns; to prevent suspicion he talked to several of them first, but at last he had an opportunity to speak to her, alone, a few minutes, for the Abbess entered the parlour, and they were both very cautious what they said. However he had written a letter, which he put into her hand, privately when he went away, it was this:

My

My lovely Betsey;

I Still continue the same I ever was, even if you should have altered your sentiments for me, and am firmly resolved to interest myself in procuring your deliverance, or perish in the attempt, endeavour in the mean time to bear the malice of your hard fortune, in hopes of happiness in future; and I earnestly beg of you to retain your love for me, and never forget the promises we have made each other. Believe my dear, you shall soon be at liberty, and so far mistress of your own actions, as to have it in your power to bless your faithful and most passionate lover,

As the Colonel had told her he would come again next day, she had prepared a letter for him in answer, in these words.

Dear Colonel,

I Wish you had nothing more to fear, than a change in my esteem for you, for that I desire you will believe impossible; but I must confess I feel for you, the terrors of my mind, both night and day are inexpressible; I imagine you covered with wounds, and struggling in the agonies of death, and all this for honour; would to God I could be your companion, I assure you I could bear it much better than my present miserable situation, but you have promised me liberty, yet heaven knows something may prevent your design, glory and honour must be attended to; but for once let glory give place to love, and let Venus be preferred before Mars. I shall conclude

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with telling you I can never be easy till I have my liberty, and am made happy with you.

He came next day as he had promised, but the Abbess being present she could only slip the letter in his hand, and as he was prevented from saying many tender things to her that he had intended, he soon took his leave of her.

When the Colonel returned to his quarters, Lord Richmore received him with great friendship, and by the account he gave his Lordship of what Betsey said of him, he flattered himself with the hopes of her having a passion for him.

Betsey being now on the point of taking the vows, grew very melancholy, for as she did not hear from the Colonel, she thought he was dead, and if that was the case, there was no charms in the world for her, she therefore made a virtue of necessity, and consented to become a Nun.

Her mother and father in law paid her a visit before the ceremony, and to make it more grand than common, gave a vast number of jewels to adorn the altar, and nothing was wanting to make Betsey's change of life magnificent.

In short, she took the vows of celibacy, and fell a lovely sacrifice to the caprice of a mother.

The war being carried on with more vigour than ever, the king gave orders that no officer of what rank soever should quit their posts, during the winter. This prevented both the Colonel and Lord Richmore from doing any thing for the relief of Betsey, who shed torrent of tears believing that Colonel Blandford, and Lord Richmore were both dead, and that she must inevitably finish her days in that place.

She

She happened to mention to one of the Nuns, her friend, one day, that she was fearful the Colonel was dead; she advised her to write a letter to his quarters, and as he had told her where they were, she did so to this effect.

Dear Colonel,

THOSE who love but a little love not at all, this fault is thine; oh! thou perfidious lover! ambition, and an insatiable thirst after honour, have made you forget the solemn vows you made to love me for ever; the absence of two years convinces me of your indifference, and I have reason to conclude that your affections are set upon some other woman. Be not surprized that I charge you with perjury, for in how many places, and how many times have you made the most sacred oaths of fidelity to me; am I to stay here debared from all the pleasures of life, till I grow too old to have any relish for them: Can you be pleased with the thoughts of a happy union with me, when the toils of war had ruined your constitution, and steeled your heart against the impressions of love and tenderness.

If you are alive, my dear Colonel, come and let me know what success or misfortunes you have met with; I shall be pleased with the former, and sorry for the latter, and if you have not courage to rescue me from my captivity, yet I hope you will do justice to her, who is the most faith-

ful of her sex, and who is proud of nothing so much as of subscribing herself yours, &c.

Elizabeth Warwick.

The Colonel received this letter just before there was a proclamation for peace; he looked upon it as a blessing from Heaven, he kiss'd and read it a hundred times, and being now at full liberty to go where he pleased, began to think seriously of means that would be most effectual to carry her off.

Lord Richmore and he were always together and he told the Colonel that he intended to go to France, and endeavour to steal Miss Warwick out of the Nunnery.

The Colonel did not inform him of his having received a letter from Betsey, but said he was going to some part on the Continent, and intended to take Paris in his tour; so they set out on their journey together, taking each a valet.

When they arrived there Lord Richmore ordered some very rich cloaths to be made, and waited for them before he paid a visit to the Convent.

The Colonel took this opportunity of going himself first; he asked for her, saying he came from her mother and had something to say to her in private; though the lady Abbess would have been glad to know what it was, yet she was fearful of offending Mrs. Meadows, who was a good benefactress to her house, so she sent Betsey to him, and gave orders for none to interrupt them.

She expecting it was him she was called to, was overcome with joy, and no sooner did she cast her eyes on him, than she fainted away, and continued so a good while.

Never was lover more distressed than the Colonel, at seeing the object he adored lying like one dead, in vain was it to wish to give her relief, the grate prevented, which was so narrow, it was impossible to put more than his hand through; at last, after fetching a deep sigh she came to herself, and looking at the Colonel, cried are you still alive, and do you live for me? they then embraced each other as well as the grate would permit, and he replied, yes my lovely angel I am yet alive, and live for you alone, and am come now with the design, that if I had a thousand lives I'd venture them all to rescue you; tell me my dear Betsey, what you think will be the best way to procure your deliverance, and let us not lose a moment; she replied, that she left every thing to him, and would consent to any thing he proposed.

Upon which they agreed, that on the Thursday following at eleven o'clock at night, he should come within a hundred paces of the Abbey, and then send his Valet with a gentleman's dress to her, which she was to put on and come to him; they then parted, and he returned to his lodgings.

Next day Lord Richmore told him he was going to the Convent, the Colonel said nothing only desired him to give his Compliments to her, His Lordship then went to the Nunnery, which was at Avigny, not far from Paris.

On pretending he was a near relation to her, he got admittance, for the Abbess did not remember his coming in a livery. Betsey was surprized to see him, but did not mention the Co-

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lonel's being there, and on his Lordship's declaring he came to deliver her from thence, he appointed to carry her off three days later than the Colonel; she did this being determined to get her liberty by some means if the Colonel did not succeed.

When his Lordship returned back, he went to the Colonel's lodgings, and informed him what they had agreed upon.

The same night the two valets were drinking together, and being both intrusted with their masters secrets, as they were to be parties concerned themselves; being now intoxicated with liquor, told each other their master's scheme, and Lord Richmore's valet told him that the Colonel instead of going where he had pretended to him, he had come there with no other design than to steal Miss Betsey away, and that he had fixed the time with her, both the day and hour which he told him.

Never was man so enraged as Lord Richmore, he swore revenge for his deceitful dealings with him; however, he behaved with the same complaisance to him as before.

The day appointed being come, the Colonel came to Lord Richmore to take his leave of him and his Lordship dissembled so well, that he wished him a good journey into Italy.

The Colonel set out on a fine horse, with his valet on another, and he led another with a portmanteau on it, this he intended for Betsey to ride on after her escape.

Lord Richmore enraged at the perfidy of the Colonel, followed him at some distance, accompanied

panied with his valet, and saw him stop at the place where he was to meet Betsey, when he gave his servant the gentleman's dress to carry to her, which as soon as she received, she bid the valet tell his master, she would be with him presently. The man had hardly got back to his master, when he saw Lord Richmore and his man ride up to the Colonel, and heard him cry out, 'tis the perfidious rival whom I seek, and immediately discharged a pistol. The Colonel had not time to defend himself, and being wounded fell from his horse.

Lord Richmore and his valet rode off full gallop, and the Colonel's servant coming up to him saw him weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead; he drew him into a little chapel just by and went to tell Betsey.

She had just escaped out of the Convent, and asked him where his master was; the valet with a heavy sigh told her that Lord Richmore had shot him dead through jealousy.

At these words she cried out support me, and would have sunk down, but the valet held her; she remained sometime motionless; at last recovering a little, where is my murdered lover? says she, the valet led her to the chapel, but when they came there he was gone.

The servant declared he was quite dead, and said he supposed Lord Richmore had returned and took his body away to bury somewhere; that it might not be discovered.

Betsey knew not what to do in her present affliction, yet was obliged to bear up under it, neither could she stay long in that place, for fear

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of

of being pursued by the Abbess, for if she had been taken she would have been punished for running away, after she had taken the vows.

She wrung her hands and shed a flood of tears, which gave her some relief, being determined not to return to the Convent. She engaged the valet to go with her, and had got a good deal of money and jewels with her.

She rode eight leagues without any refreshment, then stopped and eat a little; after which she took the road to Calais, intending to go to England, having no occasion to stay longer in France.

One night having stopped at a village to lay after she had supped, she walked out, attended by her servant to look at the place; wandering about it grew at last almost dark, and she was suddenly attacked by two fellows, who by her appearance thought to have a good booty; the valet made all the resistance in his power while she made the best of her way and got out of danger, but it being by the side of a river, the rogues, threw him over a bridge, and he was drowned.

Betsey was sincerely sorry for his loss, as he knowing her affairs was a good companion for her as well as a faithful servant. She still continued her road to Calais, and when she came there took a lodging to rest herself awhile after her fatigue.

Several gentlemen of distinction lodged and boarded at the same Hotel where she was, and among the rest she saw Lord Richmore. Rage seized her soul! and revenge fired her breast; she resolved to take an opportunity to quarrel with him,

him, and fight him now she was a man; accordingly they fell out at cards one night and challenged each other.

As life was indifferent to her, she thought she could not forfeit it in a better cause than destroying the man who had murdered her lover, and rendered her miserable. They met, they fought, and Lord Richmore's sword happening to stick in one of her gloves, she took the advantage and ran him through the body; then with the greatest expedition she took the packet and got over to Dover.

Here she took an apartment in the house of an old gentlewoman. She had several lodgers besides Betsey, who took the name of Mr. Morris.

One of his fellow lodgers was a Captain's Lady, a very fine woman, her husband was abroad, and she made many advances to Mr Morris, wanting him to supply his place in his absence; she called him into her chamber one morning when she was in bed, and behaved with so little modesty, that he was quite disgusted, and pretended he heard somebody at the door listening, and got away from her as fast as he could.

Finding this place disagreeable to him he proceeded on his journey next day, and when he came to Canterbury, stayed there a little while; in short, as he had no fixed place to go to, but had made himself a wanderer it did not much signify where he went.

Miss Warwick having at length arrived in London, she sold the few remaining jewels she had and equipped herself in the gayest manner, and took the name of Price.

Mr. Price resorted every night to the playhouse, and generally sat in the boxes; his delicate complexion and fine features was taken notice of by the ladies, as being much too handsome for a man.

One night a lady richly dressed entered the box, her servant had kept a place for her, tho' there happened to be none but her and Mr Price in it that night. The Lady could not keep her eyes off him, and was seized with a violent passion for him. They talked of indifferent subjects between the acts, and the lady finding he was a single young gentleman just come from France, she politely invited him to her house.

This invitation he accepted with many compliments; (which shewed his good breeding) when he found the lady who invited him was of no less quality than the Countess of R——; when he had handed her ladyship into the coach, he politely took his leave, and the Countess beg'd the favour of his company next day.

This lady was a widow, young and beautiful, and began to entertain a passion for him; Mr. Price pondered in his mind whether or no he should make a confidant of her, as he thought her of an amiable disposition, and as he would soon be in want of a friend to help him, as his stock was pretty near exhausted.

Next day however he waited on the Countess, who received him very graciously, and after they had conversed some time, inspired with a sudden resolution, he frankly owned he was a woman.

Her ladyship being much surprized, desired to know what inducement he had for changing his sex;

sex; on which Betsey related her story from first to last, and the Countess shed tears of pity over her.

She offered her an apartment in her house and to accommodate her with every thing necessary. But Betsey, with many thanks told her she could not settle her mind to stay long in a place, and therefore determined to wear the dress of a young gentleman, as that would be fitter for her to travel in; the Countess agreed to what she said, and supplying her with a good sum of money, desired she would come to her again when she was tired of her disguise.

Betsey now taken upon her the name of Green, travelled towards the West of England, and at Bath made acquaintance with a gentleman belonging to the law. They grew so intimate soon, that the old gentleman whose name was Newman, was never easy but when he was in his company, which made him be frequently at his house: Mr. Green having seen many curiosities abroad, an account of which was highly agreeable to Mr. Newman.

He had an only daughter, she was young and blooming as May, and was possess'd of many amiable qualifications, the old gentleman doated on her; he in a short time took such a liking to Mr. Green as to make him his son-in-law; he spoke to him on the subject, and Mr. Green returning him thanks for his good opinion of him, said he would willingly agree to such an alliance, if the young lady was agreeable, as he had always looked upon her with admiration, and should esteem himself the happiest of men.

Mr. Newman then told his daughter to look upon Mr. Green as her intended husband. Miss Sophia, far from being averse, had taken a strong liking to him, having often admired his fine person and good sense; Mr. Newman told his intentions to several gentlemen of his acquaintance, who were all of opinion he could not match her better than with a young gentleman of his appearance and fine talents.

The day was therefore fixed for the marriage and a great deal of company invited; it came, the ceremony was performed, an elegant entertainment was provided, after which they had a grand ball at night.

Mr. Green began now to be much agitated, things were carried on as far as it was possible for him to go, but now it was come to the last; while the rest of the company were diverting themselves with dancing, his thoughts were employed how he should get away.

At length he got an opportunity, unperceived by any one, to slip out of the company, and going to an Inn hired a post chaise, and got a good many miles before he was missed by the company. At last Mr. Newman wanting to speak to his son-in-law about something, could not find him, which caused some confusion; they all began to wonder where he could be gone at such a time; search was made for him all over the house, and enquiries out of doors, but all in vain he was not to be found.

The father in law was almost distracted, the bride fainted, and universal consternation took place of merriment; they waited all night and
next

next day with great impatience, but all to no purpose he never returned any more.

When Mr. Green got as far as Oxford he thought he was safe, therefore stayed there some time to see the Universities; here he got acquainted with some of the Scholars; and he frequently went to see them.

One day, while he was in Queen's College he was struck with surprize and terror, on seeing Mr. Newman, his father-in-law enter, talking to the Chancellor; the old gentleman immediately knew him, and desired the gentlemen present to secure him; he then reproached him in the sharpest language for his behaviour.

Mr. Green gave him time to vent his rage, and then in the most gentle and submissive manner, told him he had suffered more than himself, since all his hopes of happiness had been disappointed by finding his bride false.

The old gentleman desired him to explain himself, which he did; during the ball said he, I observed your daughter in very familiar discourse with a gentleman, she had danced with, I was curious enough to listen to their conversation, and heard enough to convince me, they had not only been connected together some time, but intended to continue their amour to my dishonour; not being willing to disturb the company, or give you uneasiness, for whom I have the greatest respect, I thought it best to leave her as nothing but the ceremony had passed between us.

This put the old gentleman to a stand, he said he would return back and tax her with her incontinency, if he would promise to wait his return,

turn, and he would bring Sophia to clear her innocence; this was agreed to, and the Chancellor said Mr. Green should remain with him, and would promise he should be forth coming.

However, next day he escaped the vigilance of the Chancellor, and getting safely off took the road to Hampshire. Betsey having now taken upon her the name of Johnson, had a fancy to go to Southampton, as that was a place where a good deal of company resorted.

On the road she met with a gentleman of a genteel appearance who entered into discourse with her, and took such a liking to her conversation, that finding Mr. Johnson (as we must now call her) was a stranger to the place he was going to, freely invited him to stay some time at his house, which he accepted with great politeness.

Mr. Parsons (that was the gentleman's name) lived with his mother, a widow lady, and she had two very handsome daughters; one was eighteen, and the other seventeen years of age; these ladies, as well as Mr. Parsons shewed great respect and civility to Mr. Johnson, and he passed his time very agreeably in walking, hunting, and fishing.

Though he could not feel the power of love for a woman, yet he saw so much sweetness in the temper of the youngest of Mr. Parson's sisters, that he conceived a kind of platonic love for her, the manner of his behaviour to her made every one believe he had a genuine passion for her, but the mother who wanted the eldest to be married first did not approve of it.

Miss Sally perceiving the preference Mr. Johnson

son gave to her sister, began to grow jealous of her, and made her live very unhappy, therefore Miss Nancy desired Mr. Johnson to make his addresses to her, and whatever compliments he made to her, she would look upon as meant to herself. This she did for the sake of quietness, for she would not have had him have a real inclination for her on any account, as she was deeply enamoured with him.

Miss Nancy's maid being intrusted with this secret, wickedly informed Miss Sally what a dupe she was made to her sister's artifice.

This filled Sally with so much resentment, that she set no bounds to her fury, and was determined to be revenged; in order to this, she hired a fellow to way-lay him when he was walking in the evening, (which he usually did) knock him down and murder him; the villain tempted by the sight of fifty guineas, which was to be his reward, promised to do it.

That same evening Mr. Johnson walked out alone, and wandered some miles about, through lanes, fields, and woods, reflecting on all that which had befallen him in life, but the chief of his thoughts were on Colonel Blandford, who was never absent from his memory.

Just as he had entered a woody, fearless of danger, the fellow rushed upon him, and with a hedge stake struck at him, thinking to bear him to the ground and then stab him; but fortunately missed Mr. Johnson, who immediately draw a pistol from his pocket, which he always carried about him, and holding it to the villain's breast declared he would shoot him instantly if
he

he did not tell him if he was set on by any body. The fellow terrified at so near a prospect of death, confessed Miss Sally Parsons had employed him though he knew not for what reason, said he wished he had not attempted it and asked his pardon.

Mr. Johnson suffered him to go about his business, but not thinking himself safe to remain any longer at Mr. Parsons house, he determined to leave Southampton, but first he wrote a letter to that jealous young lady, Miss Sally in these words.

MADAM,

LOVE is always extremely free in its choice, your sister has charms sufficient to captivate any man, but a woman capable of forming such black designs to take away my life, could surely never be worthy my esteem as the object of my affections.

I wish you may live to marry a man with a soul as wicked as your own; the orders you gave to that mercenary man, whom you intended to be my murderer, will for ever be so many reproaches to your own conscience, both in this world and the next. Adieu.

After this he wrote another letter to Mr. Parsons, returning him thanks for all his kindness and civility, but without mentioning his sisters wickedness; said he had particular reasons for leaving

leaving him so abruptly, which he hoped he would excuse.

Though it was the dusk of the evening, he got on horseback, and rode several miles from the place, when he put up at an inn, and in the morning proceeded on his journey towards London.

When he arrived there he waited on the Countess of R——, who knew all his affairs, and had ever been his friend, and being heartily weary of rambling, resolved to be no longer the sport of fortune, so leaving off the dress of a man, she once more resumed her own sex, and appeared in her proper character, Miss Betsey Warwick.

The Countess presented her with cloaths, jewels, and ornaments as became her, and she continued some time at her house; after which having a strong inclination to end her days in a Nunnery, the Countess who was willing she should return to her duty, as she had once been a professed Nun, went with her to France, where she placed her in a good Convent, the Abbess of which she had some acquaintance with, when she was abroad on her travels.

This was agreeable to Miss Warwick, as she did not chuse to return to that she escaped from, she had another reason for liking it; she had been informed that Miss Sophia, whom he had deceived in the point of marriage through her disguise, was just entered there as a novice, as she could not be prevailed on to live in the face of the world as a virgin widow.

When Miss Betsey had been in the Cloister a

few days, and became very intimate with that young lady, she took an opportunity one day to discover herself to her, telling her she was the person that had married her, and the reasons she had to leave her.

Sophia was astonished at hearing this, and much pleased that she had not been deceived by a man; though she said, had she known it before, she never would have entered the Nunnery.

They embraced each other cordially, and Miss Betsey said, she should esteem herself happy in having her for her constant friend and companion.

There was in the Convent a young lady extremely beautiful, with whom they became very intimate; she laboured under great depression of spirits, which had its source from a sorrow which seemed rooted in her very soul; and though she endeavoured to conceal her grief from the rest of the Nuns, yet her strongest efforts were in vain.

As they were sitting together one day, Betsey entreated her to make her acquainted with her history, as she was sure there must be something very extraordinary in it, assuring her she would do all in her power to serve her, even at the hazard of her life.

This lady, whose sentiments were as noble as her person was lovely; knowing that Miss Warwick was highly esteemed by the Abbess, for coming so well recommended by the Countess, could not deny her; besides she had conceived a sincere friendship for her; said, my dear Miss Betsey, to shew that nothing but death can end my sorrows, I will immediately make you acquainted

quainted with my melancholy story! though I am convinced the recital will cost me many tears, but they flow in vain, for never shall I enjoy peace or happiness again in this world.

Saying this, her eyes streamed afresh and she was near fainting at the recollection of what had some time past, and which she had endeavoured by prayers and religious duties to get the better of.

Miss Betley on seeing the young lady so much affected, was sorry she had proposed it, and begged her not to renew her grief for the sake of satisfying her curiosity. But she in a very graceful manner embraced her, and wiping away her tears, composed herself as well as she could, and related her story as follows.

MRS FANNY NUCENT

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THE

dominated with my melancholy story! though I
am convinced the mortal will cost me many tears,
but they flow in vain, for never shall I enjoy

~~peace or happiness again in this world.~~

Saying this, her eyes flared and she
was near fainting at the recollection of what had
some time past, and which she had endeavoured
by prayers and religious duties to get the better of.
Miss Betty, on seeing the young lady so much
affected, was sorry she had proposed it, and per-
suaded her not to renew her grief for the sake of la-

sting her country. She was a very graceful
manner embraced her, and wiping away her tears,
comforted her as well as she could, and related
her story as follows.

OF

MISS FANNY NUGENT.

THE

I Was born at London, my father's name is
Nugent, he enjoys a very considerable post
under his Majesty, in which he has gained much
reputation, and has been honoured with the
thanks of his royal master.

My mother died when I was but six months
old, and my father has paid so much regard to
her memory, that he has never married since,
and always mentions her with the greatest affec-
tion.

He

He is the best of fathers, and it was with the utmost regret he consented to my choice of being a Nun. But how could I do otherwise, my dear friend, fate you will find has put it entirely out of my power to enjoy the happiness I had flattered myself with.

Excuse my dear Miss Warwick the tender tear which will force itself at the remembrance of the afflictions I have undergone, and the former I have occasioned to the best of parents.

I have an only brother, whom I have the greatest affection for, and have always received the same from him; the world allows him to be a fine gentleman and I assure you he is a man of strict honour.

While he was at College, he commenced a friendship with a young gentleman whom I shall call Clerimont, their ages, tempers, and inclinations were alike.

My brother whom I shall only call by his name of Francis, as he has no title to the name of Nugent, being only my brother by my mother's side, who was a beautiful young widow when my father married her, and had only this one child, which my father was as fond of as if it had been his own, and has always shewed as much regard for him as for me.

My brother often brought Clerimont to our house, and talked so much of his merit, that his continual praises of him made an impression on my young heart, and I was never happy but when he was present, or was the subject of our discourse.

My brother, who wished for our union, was
pleased

pleased at my growing passion for him, and asked my father leave for Clerimont to pay his addresses to me, which he readily granted, as he found I was prepossessed in his favour. In short, he made a declaration of his love with so much tenderness, as convinced me of the sincerity of it. His father and mother approved of his choice and for some time we were all very happy.

Clerimont was formed to inspire love, he was young, handsome, generous, and brave; he was sensible in conversation, and discoursed with great judgment, and was always sure to gain the applause and admiration of all who conversed with him.

My father through his interest at court, got my brother to be Colonel in a marching regiment, in which capacity he continued some years.

Clerimont frequently visited me, but I was thought too young to be married; my brother every opportunity he had, during the war came to see us, and kept up his friendship with Clerimont, but when peace was proclaimed, he very shortly after having met with some great trouble, which he would never divulge to us, persuaded Clerimont to make the tour of Europe with him, which he agreed to, and after an affectionate leave of me and my father, they set out promising to return in a few years, when we were to be united.

They never missed any opportunity of informing us, of what ever they saw worthy notice; and besides the most affectionate letters, Clerimont sent me many tokens of his love in rich presents, the produce of the different countries they

they went through; indeed he was the most faithful of men.

While they were at Naples my brother was attacked by four ruffians, as he was going home to his lodgings, pretty late one night; he had been at supper with some French gentlemen, and Clerimont was invited but excused himself; but finding my brother Frank stay too late, he began to be uneasy, when presently he heard the clashing of swords under the window.

He looked out and saw four villains assaulting my brother; the moon shone bright, he snatched his sword and flew to his assistance, whom he found wounded and faint through loss of blood, and would have perished, notwithstanding he had made a noble resistance, but his timely help put them to flight after he had wounded three of them.

Generous man! to what dangers did he expose himself; but finding my brother's wounds bleed very fast, he got him to bed and sent for a surgeon, and took the tenderest care of him.

When my brother got well again and was able to write, he gave us an account of what had happened; and in one letter he sent to me was full of encomiums on Clerimont, concluding thus; dear Fanny, love Clerimont, for he possesses every virtue, and is an ornament to society.

I was in raptures while I read this letter, and hardly felt for my brother's danger, because Clerimont had been his deliverer, the tenderest expressions fell from my lips involuntary, such as, generous gentleman! dear Clerimont! and the like.

Soon

Soon after this Clerimont sent me a letter himself, with a valuable present of his picture set with diamonds. This my dear Betsey was the last letter I ever received from him. I excuse me, I do, and must for ever lament his loss; nothing but a deep sense of religion could keep the violence of my grief, from attempting some desperate action.

I will proceed with my story as soon as my tears will give me leave. After a short interval, in which Betsey did all she could to moderate her sorrow, she resumed her discourse.

Soon after they arrived at Grand Cairo, in Egypt, and went to view the caticomb, or Mummy pits. They took a guide with them, went through the Lybian desarts, removed the sand, and stone from the mouth of the pit, and descended down into it, in order to see those surprizing Mummies.

While they were in the Caticomb, eight Arabian robbers happened to pass that way, and seeing the mouth of the pit open, concluded some Franks (as they call the Europeans) were viewing it out of curiosity; they immediately put the stone over the pit, and descended it by another place, and attacked my brother, Clerimont, and the guide with great fury.

The fight continued some time very desperate; my brother and the guide were wounded, and two of the Arabs killed, and several of them being wounded, they ran to the ladder of ropes, which they had descended by to make their escape. The guide cried out, make haste gentlemen, or they will shut us in the pit, and we shall perish.

Clerimont was the first that followed them, and one of the villains struck him on the head with his soymeter, and he fell down dead ! Oh ! Miss Warwick, if ever you loved think what I feel ! time or place can never alleviate my sorrows.

As soon as my brother got out of the pit, he saw the Arabs going off, dragging the bodies of their companions and Clerimont with them, in order to throw them into some pit. My brother seeing his dear friend murdered fainted away ; he was weak before with loss of blood, which prevented his pursuing them, but it would have been to no purpose to resque his dead friend's body, since he could not put life into it again.

His servant and guide thought he was dead too, but at last found he had only fainted. They conveyed him back to his lodgings at Cairo, where a surgeon was fetched, and his wounds drest, which proved not to be dangerous, and he recovered in about a month.

As soon as we received from my brother this melancholy account, his father put all his family in mourning, and my father did the same. I believe I need not tell you, all that knew him were inconsolable ; his father and mother saw no company but abandoned themselves to grief, all the servants shed tears, and there never was a scene of more sorrow.

Judge my dear Betsey what I must suffer ; I who loved him equal to my own soul ; convulsions seized me, and I endured all the pangs of horrid and despair !

I languished a good while in a deplorable con-

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dition,

dition, which added to my father's trouble, for he loved me with extreme tenderness.

At length time, with the arrival of my brother, the indulgence of my father, the consolation of my friends, and the religious arguments of our worthy chaplain, took off the violence of my grief, and patiently resigned myself to the will of providence.

But the world with all its allurements could charm me no more, nor banish from my thoughts the dear object of my love ! When alone I used to recount the virtues of Clerimont, and ponder on my wretched condition till I was quite stupified and a torrent of tears came to my relief.

At last I determined to go into a Nunnery ! to seek that consolation from religion which the world could not give ; but as you know we have no monasteries in England, I begged my father to let me go to France, which he at last, with a deal of resolution consented to, finding it was my fixed determination.

My dear brother with tears in his eyes begged me not to bury myself in a cloyster for life ; he said some years ago he knew a young lady that was in a nunnery there, and he thought it was a great hardship for so many beautiful young girls to be shut up from the society of men.

I do remember indeed, in the time of war, when he was an officer, and had a furlow, he told me he was going to France, and I have since thought that his melancholy, and his desire of making the grand tour proceeded from some disappointment in love.

According to my desire my father placed me
in

in this convent, and honours me some times with a visit, as does likewise my brother, for whom I have a great esteem.

And now my dear Miss I have satisfied your curiosity, and have convinced you that nothing in this world can restore my peace.

Miss Betsey returned her acknowledgements for the trouble she had taken to oblige her, and was sorry she had renewed her grief by the recital, and from that time they commenced a strict friendship, and Miss Warwick related her adventures in her turn.

Miss Sophia, the young lady that Betsey had deceived in marriage, was always of their party, and they three were inseparable.

One day when Miss Fanny was at the grate, her brother came to pay her a visit, and was accompanied by two young gentlemen: she had hardly saluted her brother, when casting her eyes on one of the gentlemen, she knew him to be Clerimont.

Fanny was near fainting with surprize and joy, to behold him living and before her, whom she had so long mourned for as dead; but putting his hand through the grate he supported, and embraced her as well as he could.

Finding it was really Clerimont himself, she soon recovered, and intreated him to let her know by what miracle he arose from the dead.

That gentleman after assuring her what pleasure he felt at seeing her again, informed her as follows.

You are acquainted my dear Fanny, how I received my hurt, and that your brother believed

me dead, and thrown into some pit, but when I returned to life, I found myself in a strange apartment with this gentleman, (pointing to the other who was with them sitting by the bedside; though I was very weak with bleeding so much, I requested the gentleman to inform me how I came there, and what was become of my friend; but he finding I was very faint, and could hardly speak, thought it improper to enter into a conversation, so desired me to defer talking till I had gained a little more strength.

He then very kindly gave me something to recruit my spirits, and I imagined I must be in great danger, for I felt my head very sore, and bound up; I lay composed a little while, then fell into a short sleep, and continued a day or two in that manner, dozing and waking; the third day I found myself able to speak, and once more desired my friend to inform me of the particulars.

He told me, that as the Arabs were dragging me along the ground, streaming with blood, they saw the Turkish patrol coming, this put them to flight, and they left me and their two dead companions behind; he said he happened to be near the place, and came up just as the patrol did. On examining the three bodies, they found two were quite dead, but there appearing some little signs of life in me, he desired them to help me to his house, which they did, and sending for a surgeon immediately had all possible care taken of me, though the surgeon told him it was all in vain, for I could never recover it.

My wound was on the left side of my head, a broad

broad and deep gash, reaching to my neck, and almost to my temples; however by proper applications, and my kind friend's extreme humanity in watching and attending me, I was able in about a month to sit up, and continued mending, but was half a year before I was perfectly recovered.

This gentleman whose name is Belvil, was born in England, and was on his travels; we commenced a sincere friendship for each other, and gratitude on my side bound me stronger to him.

I made enquiry at Grand Cairo after your brother, and found he had soon got well and was returned home. I was troubled, thinking the report of my death would occasion grief to you and all my friends, and would have written to contradict it, but Mr. Belvil intending to return home immediately when I was well, I accompanied him, as well for the pleasure I should have in being with him, as the desire I had of being of service to him in our travels, if he should meet with any thing that required my help.

When we arrived at Scarborough, your father was as much surprized and pleased at finding me alive as you, and my parents were overcome with joy.

As to your brother here, he received me as a friend, whom he had long thought dead, and had lamented for; and as I find that your retiring yourself from the world was out of tenderness to my memory, I am come by the authority of your father, to demand you of the Abbess for my wife.

Fanny was ready to die with joy to hear the welcome news; she flew to the Abbess and

brought her to the parlour, who when she had read the letter that came from Mr. Nugent, admitted them into the parlour.

They now embraced each other with transport, and Fanny prepared to go with them; but desired she might take leave of her two friends first.

Miss Betsey and Miss Sophia was called to the grate to bid her adieu; but the former to her astonishment beheld in the brother of Fanny her own murdered Colonel; she gave a sudden scream, fell down, and fainted away.

The door was immediately opened, and she was carried into the parlour for air, Sophia attending her. The Colonel who had not observed her through the grate was instantly struck, and was near fainting himself; he cried out good God! It is my Betsey.

It was a long while before she came to herself, but when she did, she gazed earnestly at the Colonel a moment, and then rushed into his arms.

If when Fanny recited her story, she had called her brother Colonel Blandford, Betsey would have known it was her lover, and that he was alive; but when she told her his name was not Nugent, she did not tell her what it was. And when Betsey recounted hers, whenever she mentioned him; she only called him the Colonel. But now the mistery was cleared up, and she was pleased to think that as she esteemed Betsey so much as a friend, she should have her for a sister.

Betsey being quite recovered, and satisfied by the warmth of his embraces her lover was alive, desired to know by what means his life was preserved.

I will tell you (my dear Betsey, replied the Colonel;) after I had sent the gentleman's cloaths to you by my valet, I set on horseback waiting for your coming, and as I had provided a horse for you, was thinking we should soon be out of the reach of any pursuit, when suddenly I heard Lord Richmore's voice, and instantly I received a ball from a pistol, in my breast and fell to the ground. I don't know how I came there, but was soon after found in a little chapel by a holy Friar, and a lay-Brother, who happened to come in accidentally; they found by my blood running so freely, and the beating of my heart that I was not entirely bereft of my life, so carried me between them directly to the Friar's Cell; he got the ball extracted, and put the sovereign balsam to my wound that he had made himself out of some simples, so that in a months time I recovered.

The good man asked me if I knew who assaulted me, but I pretended ignorance, as I knew you must be mentioned in the affair. I offered him something handsome for his goodness, but he would not accept of any thing, as he did it out of a religious motive.

I took my leave of him, returning him all the thanks a grateful heart could pay; though at the same time I could hardly think life a blessing, since I was deprived of you.

I made private enquiry, and found you had left the Convent, but where to find you I could not tell, being certain you would not go near your mother, I therefore returned to Scarbrough, and being unhappy in my mind, to divert my melan-

melancholy, persuaded my friend Clerimont to make the tour of Europe.

I now madam, says he, turning to the Abbess, claim this lady as my lawful wife, since the binding oaths that have passed between us are as much registered in heaven as the vows she has made here, and are of more force indeed, as these were against her inclinations.

The good lady who had formerly loved herself, and had entered the cloyster when very young, on a disappointment of that sort felt for all these lovers, who had suffered so much, and freely gave Betsey leave to do as she pleased.

During this conversation, Mr. Belvil had been admiring the beautiful Sophia, whose charms had taken possession of his heart, he made an offer of marriage to her, if she could find any thing agreeable in him to make her happy.

The time was critical, she could never expect another offer; besides she saw his person amiable, and she had heard enough to convince her of the goodness of his disposition, she consented to be his.

The Abbess was in no danger on her account, as she was her own mistress, her father having been dead some time; as she was only a Noviciate, and had not taken the vows, it was not of much consequence.

The chief the Abbess had to fear was Mrs. Meadows, but she said she would give it as good a colour as she could, and hoped to find she would not be much offended at her.

After many compliments and good wishes for their happiness, the three couple took their leave
of

of the Abbess and the Convent, and with the greatest expedition returned to England and went to Mr. Nugent's house.

Miss Betsey had no occasion to be uneasy on her mother's account, for Squire Meadows had been dead some time. She had reflected on the injustice done her daughter, and a reconciliation took place between them. She paid the Colonel down the large fortune left her by her father, and behaved with great tenderness to him after. Soon after Colonel Blandford and Miss Warwick were married, he obtained a great place at court and lived in honour, love, and peace.

Clerimont had a large fortune of his own, and at his father's death a great deal more, and lived in happiness and conjugal felicity with his beloved Fanny Nugent; and Mr. Belvil, who was a gentleman of a great independant fortune made it his study to promote the happiness of Sophia; they were all compleatly happy, and gave birth to a numerous and beautiful offspring.

What pity would it have been, if three such fine women had been lost to the world, and never tasted the pleasures of conjugal ties, which in time produced a race of men distinguished for their honour, and courage in the field and in the cabinet.

Thro' various scenes the Female Rambler goes,
From love and fortune suffers many woes.
In various places various schemes she tries,
And still in cunning tricks her mind employs,
Along the variagated paths of life,

Which chequer'd is with folly and with strife.
 She takes her way, but on the strangest plan,
 No female she appears, but like a man
 Marries a wife, who fancies much delight,
 Yet flies from her upon the wedding night,
 To other towns, and other scenes she flies,
 And with each new form'd whim she still complies.
 Till sad vexation crosses turn her mind,
 To be to goodness and to heaven resign'd.
 Yet providence assists when all is past,
 And crowns each happy lover at the last.

COFFEE

COFFEE HOUSE

CHARACTERS.

I Have frequently met with characters that have been so extraordinary as to stagger my credulity, and incline me to believe them the offspring of fancy; but having by accident met with two or three which I found to be real, I was induced from a spirit of curiosity, and a natural propensity to prurigin, to take a list of all your oddities, and in the course of this summer have visited most of the places where they are supposed to reside or exhibit themselves.

In the course of this pursuit I have also met with a number of originals, which, in the hands of a skilful satyrift, would afford entertainment to the readers.

At *Boote's*, a tall Hibernian, with a protuberant nose and a pair of broad shoulders, upon the point of marrying a rich widow, in order to pay

his debts and restore him to good company. This gentleman has a number of words which no one understands but himself, and as he is the constant butt of the company, the laughter he creates, he fancies arises from the goodness of his jokes, which he alone enjoys, whilst he is himself the sole cause of the risibility of his auditors.

At the *Smyrna* a medical professor, who has always the earliest intelligence from America, which constantly proves false; and although he persists in antedating intelligence, (which he never received) and really fancies credit is given to his assertions.

At *Arthur's* a little pragmatic lord, who boasts of more intrigues than the first regiment of guards would be able to accomplish. He always drinks a reigning toast upon his knees, and throws out such inuendoes, as leave you no room to doubt (unless you know him) that he is the happiest man in the world with all the finest women that ever lived in it.

At the *Orange* a squeaking Castrato, who entertains the room with his amours at Rome, Venice, Florence, and Paris; and is surprized that women of taste and elegance, do not prefer his breed to raw boned Scotchmen, and broad shouldered Irishmen.

At the *London* a compleat mystic; he calls you on one side, and reveals to you a very great secret; but he is so universal in his secrecy, as well as his topics, that before night they are echoed in every coffee house in town.

At *Child's* an eminent physician, who feels the pulse of the company, hears all, says nothing, and never reveals the important intelligence he

obtains. Some imagine that he has a fee for taciturnity, and that he prescribes to his patients without either opening his lips or taking pen in hand.

At *Garraway's*, a certain little Levite, who plumes himself upon *Gusto*. He is always humming some favourite air; but he hums himself most, if he fancies it is either entertaining or agreeable to the company, having neither voice nor any knowledge of music.

At the *New York* a fat corn factor, who has been lucky in hop speculations, and who fancies, because he is worth a plumb, he may, with impunity, be guilty of the greatest indelicacies in public company. He may properly be called *Vereoso*, having a double claim to his character from both extremes.

I am, &c.

CURIOSO.

THE

The VILLAGE LOVERS.

A Tale.

THE charms of innocence are no where to be found combined with more unaffected simplicity than in a country life. Here we view the village maid returning at the close of eve from milking her cows, and warbling her sweet, though wild note, from nature; and the whistling ploughman refreshing himself with a jug of ale, after the fatigues of his daily labour; in short, pride, pomp, and affection, give way to domestic happiness.

A farmer of considerable estates, and great respectability, who resided in a romantic village, situated on the kentish coast, had an only daughter whose name we shall call Patty. At the age of nineteen, she had the misfortune to be deprived of an affectionate mother, who loved her to distraction. Patty, at the decease of her mother, had the full management of her father's domestic concerns, which she superintended to the entire satisfaction of her venerable parent. She was very industrious and attentive. Lubin, who was a domestic in the service of the farmer, was a youth of much honest simplicity; his countenance displayed singular traits of good nature, and his artless manners gained him the esteem of the whole village. Patty was particularly distinguished for her humanity and goodness; she was as tender as she was generous; her purse was ever ready to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. Patty

was so much interested in favour of Lubin, that a kind of secret jealousy subsisted between the other rustic domestics of the family; the indulgence which Lubin experienced from Patty, when he came from his rustic employ, was peculiarly reverse to that of his brother-labourers; for he was indulged with every dainty her father's table afforded, while his companions were obliged to be content with their allotted refreshments; it was evident from every appearance that Patty had something more than Lubin's welfare at heart; the fact was, she loved him. She took an opportunity one evening, as she was returning towards the farm, to speak to Lubin in the most affectionate manner; and at the same time expressed a great regard for him, by telling him that any assistance she could render him he might at pleasure command.

This extraordinary declaration had a powerful effect on the rustic swain; he was sensible of Patty's love for him: he discovered visible signs of an agitated mind.

It happened a short time after that Patty had declared her tender passion for Lubin, that he was compelled for a few months, to desert his virtuous fair one, to encounter the boisterous waves.

The cause of his absence was as follows: A relation dying in America, left Lubin a legacy of ten thousand pounds; and his personal attendance in that country was deemed absolutely necessary. Patty was overjoyed at the good fortune Lubin was likely to experience, though his absence she deeply lamented. He set sail with a prosperous gale, and with the good wishes of his disconsolate Patty.

Lubin had not departed many days before a Mr Welford, a gentleman of liberal fortune in the same village, became tenderly attached to the charms of Patty, he made the most honourable vows of his passion to the lovely female, which she sincerely refused, stating, that her heart and person were previously engaged; this declaration from the lips of the fair deliverer, operated as an electrical shock to Mr. Welford; it preyed so forcibly on his feelings that he was never after known to solicit an affectionate esteem for any lady, such was the disappointment he suffered.

Patty was taking a solitary walk one day by the sea-shore, when, on a sudden she discovered at a great distance, a ship apparently in extreme distress. She was very anxious for the safety of the crew; the storm began to abate gradually, and in less than an hour, the restless ocean had the appearance of a perfect calm. As the vessel approached nearer in sight, her anxiety began to encrease; however her fears soon subsided; for happiness was visibly pictured in her angelic features; her object of affection, after an absence of six tedious months, safely landed on his native shore, Lubin was affectionate and grateful—he arrived with great wealth, and with it he made happy a most amiable female, whose transcendent virtues shone with the most brilliant lustre.

The nuptials of Lubin and Patty were celebrated on the following day, and the whole village presented a scene of rural felicity.

T. LACEY.

FINIS.

